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THE BUSHTAILED WORKERS

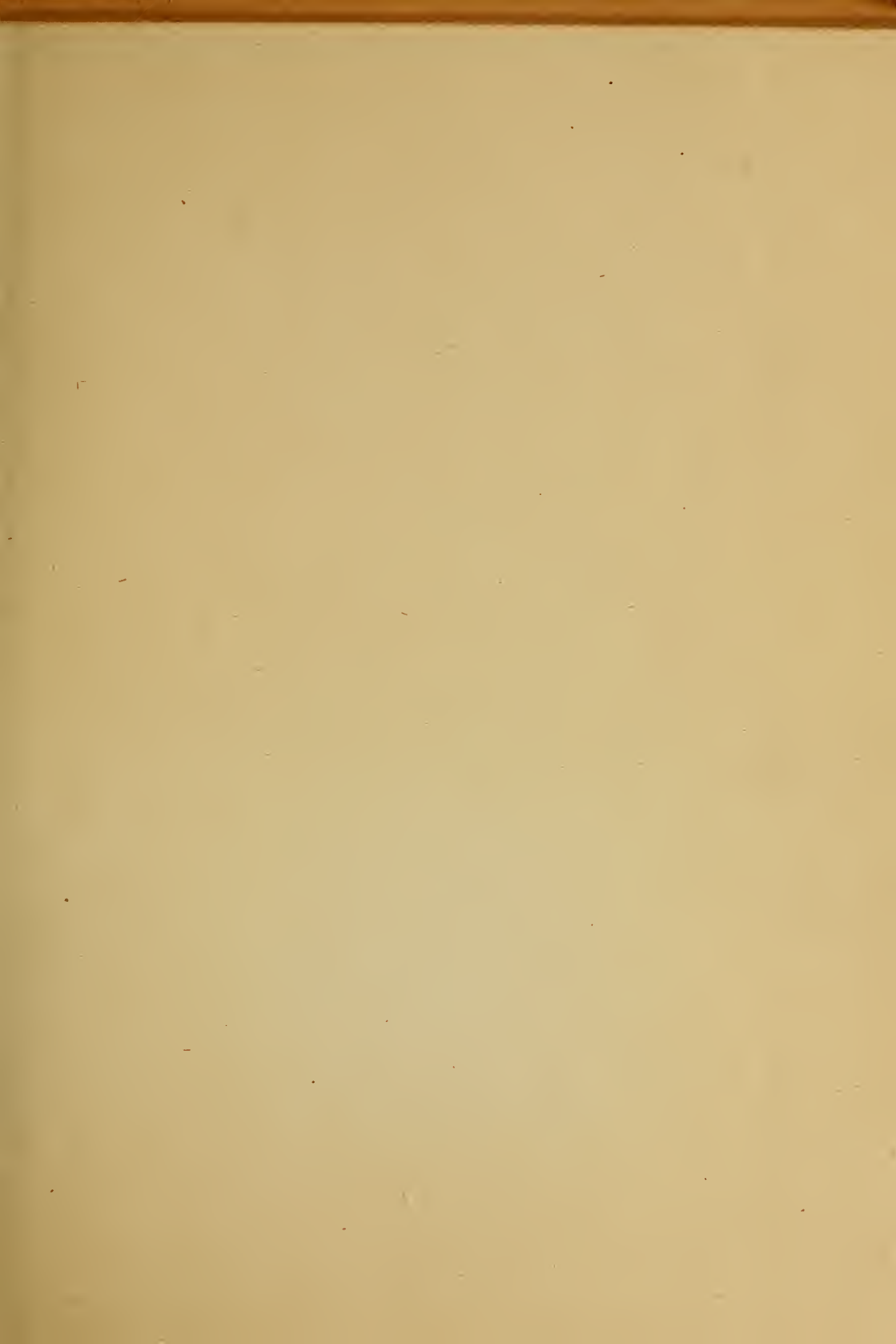
MINOR POEMS

AND

OTHER WRITINGS







THE BUSHTAILED WORKERS
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AND
OTHER WRITINGS



By

JOHN M. BATES

LOGAN, KANSAS.
1914

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INTRODUCTORY.

The poem "The Bushtailed Workers" is about the scene when my father, William H. H. Bates, came to Beaver Valley in 1874 and the changes which take place from time to time until the present time.

The time which this poem covers is about forty years.

By THE AUTHOR.

Biography.

John M. Bates was born April 28, 1888 in Beaver township, Phillips county, Kansas. He was the son of a farmer, ex-union soldier of the Civil War.

His father, Wm. H. H. Bates, came to Kansas from Wisconsin in 1874 in a schooner and located on Beaver creek three miles north of Logan, Kansas.

In 1881 his father's first wife, Ellen (Ragan) died. He then went back to Wisconsin and in about one year he was married to Mrs. Fannie B. Akin, the author's mother. He then came back to Kansas in 1882.

The author's brothers are: Joshua, Harry, Henry, Phillip Bates, and Samuel Huntington and the sisters are: Alice, Millie and Harriet.

The author obtained his education from the public schools and Normal Institute, also from the Gem City Business College. He began teaching school when eighteen years of age and has taught in the public schools seven years missing only one year when he was going to college. His father died when he was only nineteen so he had some new ideas to do and finance all his undertakings.

The Bushtailed Workers.

The beautifulness I now reveal
For many may know the following sequel:
Thy valley of Beaver and its many dams
With future in it for many a man.
Here in the early days of lore
The pioneer came and did explore,
A schooner was his fastest train
When he came out on the western plains.
A yoke of oxen was his only team
To break the sod and plant to his means;
He built his house of sod or stone
For other methods were here unknown.
Here health the milkmaid shared her look
As she came up from the babbling brook;
Then in the early days of yore
The brook went babbling on its explore.

Tho it leaped and flashed in the glowing light,
When the sun shone by day and the moon by night;
The traveler and oxen welcomed the brook,
Which quenched their thirst while on they sook.
Those dams were made by a busetailed race,
Who gendered here when 'twas a wild place;
They fell the trees across the brook,
And with their tails they plastered the nooks.
But all is fled, the Indian is gone,
Those dams which beavers built along;
The brook is filled with soil which fed,
Those mountain lions and buffaloes red.
That them workers have perished by the work of men,
Has been established a fact since I don't know when;
Those fields once so fertile are gumbo or clay,
For the soil once fertile has gone far away.
Their namesake is remembered and long will endure,
Which some may abjure to be in penure;
And by thy habitation it was almost sure
That water was in a plenty which they made secure.
Their head was ingenious as any dumb beast,
Their teeth was a sharp as any sawteeth;
For many a tree has been felled by them,
To stop the brook along its trend.
Your tails how flattened and broad as a fan,
That is how it happened you muded your spans;
Thy homes were of mud built near to your dams,
So you might send at a break in your pan.
A township was severed which bears their name,
For its name is, "Beaver" and that is some fame;
The busetail workers have filled their space,
And now we Americans go on in their place.

You may boast if you might or yell if you will,
The people who inhabit, the soil they'll now till;
They will dig from the soil early and late
And a prosperous country they will now make.
Those bush-tailed animals which you now see,
Are not those workers which use to be;
These creatures sleep thru the day and work at night,
A stealing of the farmer with all their might.
They stop not for chickens but go on and do,
Any kind of mischief they can get into;
They're no kin of those workers who built those dams,
And pester the people who live on this land.
The son of a farmer is a trapper for those,
And sets his traps to have them disposed;
Then at his leisure during the next day,
With a shelala or gun he gives them their pay.
He then takes their hides to market or sends them away
And in return he gets some pay;
Which is far inferior to the amount stolen away
Tho it lessens those pesky creatures for today.
They're striped or spotted in white and black,
And when very little they look much like a cat;
Their homes are in and about ledges of stone,
For that's all I know about skunks zone.
The beavers had stored the valley with fish;
What more could they want what more could you wish;
The grass on many hills has been turned and now decayed,
And not to the valley most of it strayed.
When the buffalo was thirsty for water he knew,
That the beaver had stored a plenty of it too;
The Indian who traversed this wide western view,
Was the friend of the bush-tails no matter of you.

It will be remembered that for every tree fell,
It would be outnumbered by new growing cells;
Thus these ponds full of fish and trout,
Watered the grass before the sun came out.
Those queer little creatures of very coarse hair,
Knew ever their motto to build and repair;
When on as people of a civilized race
We build and repair to keep up the pace.
Here the wind ceased not it's blowing,
Nor when it chanced to rain;
And in the farmyard the rooster's crowing,
Because he wants a change.
When everything is fragrant,
The lark and other birds sing;
And not a single vagrant,
Is left here in the spring.
Those Beavers were not so consciencious,
What happened in each change;
But one thing they were conscious,
"It was to seek new range".
The beavers had beautified this western plain,
They stopped the brook to the best of their train;
That beautifulness which the immigrant sought,
While on the plains the Indians he fought.
Houses and barns may now be seen,
Along this valley with it's meadows green;
Fences encircle these meadow lots,
Where once the bushtailed workers' dams did dot.
Roads have severed this valley's ravine,
Hills have been graded with scrapers and teams;
The creek has gone dry which the beavers esteemed,
That valley so deep is not now so seen.

The early inhabitants herded cattle and sheep,
For farming they thought the land too steep;
That the moisture would not feed a crop,
When it hardly watered the grass for their stock.
The soil upon those hills hath filled,
Those fills below as the farmers tilled;
The dams of those ages in this wilderness,
Has these thirty years vanished under Americaness.
To think of their geniusness,
Who tilled not the soil,
An animal whose industriousness,
Can ever be recalled by their toil.
When civilization came to their land,
They perished or left the civilized men,
For such as they couldn't understand,
That they should not harm the bushtailed 'ems.
'Tis many a deed and many a thought,
That recollects the times gone by;
Which once was and being not bought,
Thus time and deeds may ever fly.
Their leader was their chief,
Who by the stroke of his tail
Could call them in a moment's brief,
And soon be on the trail.
There are some little animals of gray or brown
That gather their food when the fall comes around;
Their teeth are sharp and can crack into
Any kind of nuts they wish to.
The frost in the autumn ripen the nuts,
Down fall they for they lose their clutch;
'Tis now these workers' great delight,
To gather and store them from morn till night.

They work in the fall early and late,
And supply their homes at an early date;
They've bushy tails but not coarse hair,
Nor ever can their industry compare.
These bushtailed creatures now infest,
Wherever a good location suggests;
Their sense of hearing is keenest by far,
Of all land creatures I know or are.
They may build their homes in the cottonwood tree;
But their favorite is the walnut tree;
Tho not many of 'em here can you see?
When you wander up or down the valley.
Plenty of pleasure out in the sun,
That's what a squirrel takes out in his run;
Plenty of rest the long winter thru,
Is something more which he can do.



Workers And Shurkers.

In my thoughts of the school-life
Of such truants in the strife,
Then those rascals of planned tricks,
Playing hockey without sticks.
Such may be their morning dream
But not such can be their theme,
Are they boastful of their pranks,
Is their meanness small or rank?
Do they learn a single rule,
And know why they go to school?
If their mind be on their work,
They will do it and not shirk.
Are they little savages in some ways?
Whoop and yell when out at play;
Then some days while playing to
Just do something they ought not do.
There are some who work with ease,
To the shurkers they then displease;
For they learn with ease to think,
Of the future and it's brink.
Others laugh at them in pause,
Cause they wriggle not their jaws,
They are working on their cause,
Soon they'll be above those idle awes.
For the shurkers are surprised
And to the world they are demised,
For wherever they are seen
People know which way they lean.



A Hunt.

On Thanksgiving Day I attended a feast,
To hunt the rabbits, some thought of least;
They gathered together at dinner time,
Where they could feast, talk, and dine.
Earnest and Fred said, "They could beat,"
And wagered for an oyster treat,
Ed, Herman, Henry, and Rufus Reed;
Hunted earnestly through the weeds.
The fog was dense but the hunt was on,
No matter which would hunt to long;
The stubble-field was hunted o'er,
And the two won by two or more.
They meet their opponents at Dibble's store,
But the oyster stew they let it soar;
For they knew they were defeated,
And homeward they soon retreated.



A Union Soldier Lament In Tennessee.

By Secessias streams we sat,
Then her iniquity we thought on
In the midst we place our caps;
As the union soldiers sat upon
When they sung their battle song.
With our banners red, white and blue,
We once listened to its call,
And we soldiers will be true
For the good we may do or we'll fall;
Fighting for our freedom's land.

Song of the union we now sing,
Glory to our freedom's cause;
Hail to our Lord, our King,
Who saved us from the rebels' jaws,
He brought us thru grins death war.

In fire and smoke we soldiers stood,
Where the dead and wounded lie,
By the cannon we would shoot,
But for water we would almost die,
In the thickest of the battle none would cry.

For the U. S. A. is my chief,
And for her I now beseech,
Who would be the very thief
Gainst our freedom would then preach,
And those southerners we'll now teach.

When in Revolutionary days of yore,
For a battle they did engage;
To our Lord their prayers did soar
That the enemy would need no more,
And their battles would be o'er.

Such a dreary life this leads
Soon they'll quit this grim war's strife,
For an illiterate race we bleed
Summons of the bugle and fife
Tells us we must risk our life.



Gone By Days.

My life goes drifting on with days
Since I have had a lover;
My heart is happy once again
My thoughts are now above her.

Once I had a sweetheart
Some may call a lover
Once I took her only part
But now it is the other

'Twas summer when our happy times,
Of strolling out together;
How sweet did the music chime,
But never more or ever.

'Twas when some rude acts were done,
Our love for each retreated,
But I forgave the only one;
And knew I was defeated.

The rude act she done
Which I forgave without an asking;
Though just in fun
To her it was a tasking.

She said, "It's rude."
Though that of me she imagines,
I'm not as crude
Nor half so rude as she may ever imagine.



A Lincoln Contrast.

Attend my people to the law,
There to give thy support,
Less Satan gets thee by the jaws,
And all thy words he then export.

Are Liberation and Emancipation,
Ave communication would you shun;
Then speakest thou in thy reaction
That all our reconciliation fruitless had been done
The eye-opener of a dreadful sin,
Told the people of the North,
When the southerner's did begin,
For their slavery and its sort.

In some books you may have read,
How the slavery question did expand,
And more territory it is said
Was then wanted by this band

'Twas sixteen hundred nineteen,
When a Dutchman of War,
Brought twenty slaves on the scene;
Little did he imagine or dream.

What this question would mean,
When it had time to spread its wings,
In the South it did beam
But in the North it did not cling.

Thus one bad deed brought two and more
Since those Africans were brought o'er
For about fifty years before
Our forefathers had fought for.

Then they knew it not their fate,
When they began to fight,
But too late was the rate
And Appomattox brought Lee to bay;
For the complete surrender hur-ra!



To Be Sensible.

It is dispensible, for one to be sensible,
If he laughs or crys, if he talks or sighs.

At a dance or ball, he may see some tall,
But it will never do for me or for you.

To go in such courts and be one of the sports,
Then wear green or brown, for it would make us frown.

With sufficient vim, with thoughts to the brim,
And will power to dare and do, to forsake and be fair

With intellect and ease, and free from disease,
We strive to be: "But we are," thus hope shall be our care.

Some folks laugh, at things that are chaff,
For a sensible smile, a sneer is their style

For abilities slow, that some doth not grow,
It upon their mind, while a few it never finds.

Do develope your will, then you can till
A bright and glorious field, then get its great yield.

For great is your force, when sense is your source,
Then it is commendable, to remember to be sensible.

For dollars and cents, cannot recompense,
The wrong you might do, if this you would not knew.

Some people jeer, and act very queer,
If you should excel, which they knew well.

A forethought in time, may save you nine,
It is defensible, for one to be sensible.



Sights Of A Drive.

Oh, Nebraska in its west
Has those numerous sandhill crests,
Some may like those sandy knolls
As the sand upon it rolls.

While I's traveling o'er those hills
I saw some blowouts and no fills,
As I was driving the mules from Wray
They got stuck in the sand not far away.

For Colorado has some sand
Altho its got some government land,
Some think it is so grand
That they have wandered to its strand.

One gets so dirty and begrimmed
As if he's made of coppertin,
The sand and grit will cut your tires
Until a blacksmith you must hire.

For about two weeks we were on our way,
From Prairie View to Colora.
When we were near the journey's drive
A storm o'er took us at our strive.

From Tuesday noon till Friday morn,
We brothers stayed at the Haigler Barn
And fed the horses hay and corn
Then journeyed to his western farm.



The Postman's Trouble.

The postman has a bit of trouble,
When out upon his beat;
For dem darn foolish vimen stubble,
And post dem kids right on de street.

Now since the parcel post has come into effect,
I wonder what some people think or expect;
Some tried it with a lobster others its betterment,
While yet a few did not adeau but up and sent
A howling little creature of ten or eleven pounds.

Now since the parcel post has now become a law,
Some one sent a skunk's hide already thawed,
This world is full of creatures and human living beings,
And what one could not expect of such curious living things,
But send a ton of bricks by parcel post.

Now if dem vimen of no sense,
That mail der babies by the post,
The postman would thank very much,
For dem vimen would save der cents
And then der money would be saved without any of of-fence.



Her Valentine.

She got a valentine,
And oh! it looked so fine,
So I thinks I'll look at mine,
To think of all the rime;
Just because she got a Val-en-tine.

For now she is sad,
'Tis the valentine fad,
That will soon make her glad
Altho she gets mad;
For she just had a Val-en-tine.

She looked at me so mad,
For sauerkraut she had,
And said, "You sent me that Valentine".
I think she's not so fine;
For I did not send her that Valentine.

I told her that she was going get,
And now she thinks I know the trick,
While she was on the flip;
Before she got her valentine,
That "Hasbeen" is her Val-en-tine.

She makes a very swift cook I know,
For in the sugar she does throw,
When ere the recipe says do
The sug' she lets it go;
That is her old Valentine.



Wind is blowing.

That the wind does work
And seldom has time to shurk,
When it snows or rains;
It never uses sense or brains
But it just goes where it remains.

On the earth it seems to travel
And it sometimes picks up things on its travels,
In winter time it is quite shrill
When one smells it on top the hill;
But the wind is moving onward still.

Now, good people, you foresee,
That your duty then must be:
That where e'er you be you should firmly stand,
Else be swept away like sand
And your hopes will never strand.

Tho the wind hath done some good,
For its work some understood;
But some people do not know,
Why it is the wind should blow,
Cause the wind is moving so.

It can take a storm from sea,
Make a wilderness fair to see,
It can roll the sand in dunes
Without plow, spade or spoon;
When the wind is moving.

Should the wind cease to move
Then no more would it bestow,
Of the moisture for plants to grow;
For the pumpkins on the vines,
And the watermelons with green rinds.

Thus the wind is harnessed up,
On the windmill to the pump
Pumps the water many use,
'But sometimes it takes a snuse
Only to make a change for news.



Darkness And Sunshine.

'Tis darkness in the air,
When the clouds encompass here,
And who is he? Who has no care
No matter whether rich, poor nor where.

The tempest may come after a calm,
The storm alight with all its might,
And after this a sunny balm
May cheer one to a glorious sight.

Your mind is dark, when you cannot see,
How to use the little words: A, an and the,
But reason and think to your inner heart,
'Tis then some sunshine you can impart.



Sports.

One of the sports
Who often comes to town
And he wears a brown shirt
Then walks all up and down.

But one of his sports
O, let the boys court;
Thats why he comes to town
There in the town is found.

For he is a sport,
The girls he will work
While he stays around
He is always on the ground.

Tho he walks with them much,
While girls you have some fun,
For disguised is the muck
He'll haugh and talk chaff to some.

He'll work but a day
Then off for a play,
And all his farm thought drowns,
While on his regular rounds.

If you disbelieve and cannot conceive,
You must open your eyes and look around
Then you will discover;
The sport of the village bound.

For money he's wanting
And no security can be found;
Then he is a jaunting,
Because his finance is not sound.

People know he's poor pay
So all of them turn;
When he asks for today,
Their reply to him is nay.

But no loan will they say,
For who can collect
A spendthrift's debts, no nay
Now can you detect.

Then your shoe soles inspect
If you should then let
But if you do recollect
You will never regret.



Three Days' Siege.

On Monday morning when I's asleep,
The cat about the house did creep;
He had slipped into the pantry for a stay,
But in that feat he got scart by jay.

'Twas five o'clock on that very morn,
When that old tom cat began his storm;
It was me-ow me-ow, be quick!
And kick him out into a ditch.

Vengeance did I then declare,
That he should die without despair;
From that day on till Wednesday noon,
The cat suffered like an old mushroom.

The dirty old rascal before the infantry,
Defied the dog upon a log,
And said he would go free;
Tho I said you'll see.

For many a cat has met its death
Who has not been half so dirty a pest;
He preferred to die instead of a sack,
For he jumped about and tried to scatch.

His day was come as soon as the sun,
And the Jip-dog the old tom cat then did run;
When in a corner and behind a bench
That old rascal did the dog acquaint.

On that day in a chicken coop
We pinched the measley old dumb brute;
He climbed the roost and fought behind,
As any cat e'er could repine.

It was a three-day strife,
And then comes the end of old tom's life;
The Jip-dog knew it was a fact,
That the old tom cat could get up and scrap.



Troubled Somewhat.

When on those wintry days he bore,
The age of one score and twelve or more;
Tho fortunate enough to get a dear,
Altho he may drink a bottle of beer.

One evening while his dearie he did entwine,
He left her a mitten, oh so foine!
Those evenings were cool and sometimes clear,
When he would go to see his dear.

You know he calls each Friday eve,
To take her to the social I do believe;
But now he thinks about that mit
If she is going to give me a fit.

If flies should light on top his head,
They would know it was no feather bed;
Excuse me for some baldheaded men are great,
While for their lady they just wait.

When they are lucky enough to get a gal,
They call her their long wanted pal;
But when a man loses his hair on top,
The chances are that he will not.

Well she will have to milk the cows,
While he slops the pigs and feeds the cows;
And while his horses he does take care,
The breakfast she will then prepare.

But if he leaves his little gal,
And does not wed her in the dell;
A lonesome bachelor may he always be,
For the one little girl that thought of he.

Now take the other side of thought,
And wonder if she would turn him naught;
Then all his hopes are swiftly fled,
For all the chances are but said.



The Happy Birds.

In the month of May,
On a bright sunny day;
The birds are building homes,
And there are no drones.
For they build away
While she builds the home he warbles his lay,
For in the meadow nook,
If but there look, for sook.

Their nest you will find,
Which they built of their own twine,
Tho their songs are so blithe
Where ere they may lithe.

How sad it would be,
If no birdies we'd see;
And hear no more of their songs,
In the spring-time of the year.

But happy we shall be,
That birds we might see;
To eat insects from the vine,
When the plants need all their vine.

Your heart may be sad,
They will soon make glad;
For theirs is a blithsome cheer,
To do while on earth here.

For each bird had its birth,
To do here on earth;
Then warble its beautiful song,
Which it gives to every clime.

The bird hath made
The desert some shade,
By carrying seed sometime;
From some tree or vine.



To The Mountains.

I went into a mountain camp
I sat upon a hill;
I thought about the pine trees,
And think about them still.

O'er the rocks I swiftly climb,
Leaving all of them behind;
Having o'er the mountains climbed
Thinking that I should surely find.

Thru a tunnel I did go
Into what used to be Old Mexico,
There six hours I did spend
In the city of Ra-ten.

To a mountain named Goat Hill
I then climbed so to fulfil
That in New Mexico I would view
Some of those rocky summits too.

Back I went to a little camp,
Oh so dismal and so dank in the bank,
Tho those miners you may thank
Who have toiled and to be frank.
Oh, the Rocky's I have viewed
And their many mountain peaks,
Yet the farmers are so few
And the mountains are very steep.

But there are some lonely peaks
And around them clouds do heap;
There around the tree-line mark,
Every evergreen bears a sharp
That it can no further start.



Mountain Scenery Recollected.

The Rocky mountains I have seen,
Altho to me it looks like a dream;
For one of the peaks so grand and steep
And you know its name, its old Pikes Peak.

Then on to a mountain on X'mas day,
I wandered up the Rockies way;
When on the mountain cold and gray
The sun was shining as it blizzard away.

When the sun is shining on higher fields;
I climbed up some steep and rugged brows,
But think of the wealth the mountains yield:
Of lumber, minerals, and pasturage for stock to browse,

Then thru a dark and smoky pass,
For thru a mountain I did go;
While in the tunnel for the minute last
Tho you may think this is not so.

For proof enough to me is known,
Tho I have lived in but one zone;
Then into Ra-ten I did roam,
While I was very far from home.

A stranger was I in that town,
Tho the sun rays darted down
And warmed me upon the ground
When by the flagpole I sat round.

Upon Goathill I took a look,
And saw the rugged mountain nooks
Then I beheld a vast plateau
Then I bid goodbye to New Mex-icoo.

But soon my stay in Colora,
Was at an end, which I did say;
Then leave those rocky stores,
Of coal, silver, gold, and other ores.



A Journey To Paysonville.

Well as it happened I'll now tell,
How we boys took a merry ride;
Now we would go just in spells,
As each one tried to turn the tide.

When one would fall by the side,
No one would stop until he tried.
Once I collided into Meyer's wheel;
When I was going down a hill.

Then I went without one squeal,
Thinking that I would surely feel;
Just as it made that very bound
I stood on terra firma ground.

All six of us had wheels to ride,
Which we had rented for a stride;
While Carroll rode by my side
Then school-thoughts we did slide.

The roads were—in I oh such hills,
When we reached the top we were quite still;
We made one stop at Burtonville
Where we boys bought a lunch to fill,

While Mr. H. some raw eggs sucked till,
Mr. Bodie paid for the bill;
Then on the bridge and in a bunch,
We ate our noonday dinner lunch.

But six miles on to Paysonville,
Is what we heard while standing still;
Then on we journeyed to see the place;
Where time had set a mysterious pace,
And would darken the one who did the disgrace.

For four persons were killed one night,
And who committed the wretched sight;
Then burned the house to hide the light;

The next day to make his flight.

But we missed the place in going down,
While on the road from stop number one;
Mr. Hanson had the unlucky clown
And it bucked him off and broke the fun.

Then worst of all he felt the fall,
Now it was then a walking call;
And all the balls dropped out,
So my front wheel wiggled round about.

We boys came to that little town,
Then wandered all over it and around;
Until Mr. H. caught the hack going down
Which I followed to a bridge I found.

Then on I went to Fall Creek town,
Altho my hands were getting brown;
And there I met my friend on the spot,
For then we looked at the railroad clock.

The other boys went another way,
They found the place of vile and woe,
Had happened to these people which is so;
But who is he who is their foe.

He landed behind the iron bars,
Now the law of the land will give him jars;
For a sentence of a life-time lot
Shall his life be made a blot.

At evening when the sun is low,
There in the north I see a glow;
Of electric lights while home I go,
Then for my nook my thoughts did flow.



New Year's Chicken Roast.

A philosopher sat buried in thought
Thinking of the wonders he had wrought;
Tranquilly there came that which he sought;
It was a "New Year's Chicken Roast."
And for his relatives he makes his toast.

That chicken oh how fat must be,
I see her sitting beneath that tree;
If she is fat enough for some,
She's fat enough for only one
And only one small family.

The people on that New Year's day,
Wore white, brown, black, and gray;
Comically he looked about,
Wondering who would turn out
For a chicken roast so fine.

Now I behold that he is there,
Pulling, tugging like a bear,
Cause the chicken was of age;
For it never saw inside a cage,
For that chicken shall roast fine.

Some small men become so great,
While for others they do not wait,
For we onward set our face,
And the time can set the pace
While that roasted in the pan.

It was a very, very fat old hen,
Which we caught for New Year's day;
And the rest may scratch in ken,
For she was not sitting in a pen
Oh you chicken how you roast.

That old darksome day is past,
When the wind has worn its cast,
As the azure is so blue,
Tho the snow ne'er sifted thru,
On that day he gave his toast.

To all who sat down at the roast,
For this chicken is of age,
And it's well seasoned with sage;
Then they gave it one good boost,
Which then put it on the roast.



One's Duty

Many a one may have done,
His work without delay;
But many a one has never summed,
His work without a way.
If you are the one,
Do get your work done,
So this you may say;
I'm ready for more today.
Then those who perceive,
They will but believe,
For you have done something today;
No matter what some may say.
To work with a will,
Do this and fulfill;
Your promise to obey,
Thus right you'll fulfill in the bill.
Go on with an energy great,
Ah the time you can make;
For no force can be waste,
Unless you're in great haste
Do justice to one and to all.
In the prime of your life,
In the midst of the foes;
Each day may bring some strife,
Tho there are no bugles or fifes.
But onward, onward we shall go,
As time goes swiftly by,
Like a little flitting fly;

When the sun is in the sky,
Stupendous be your task,
Which you might fail to grasp.
And we leave tho others sigh,
Forever time is drawing nigh;
To all living creatures low or high.



We Should Cultivate.

The things we do from day to day,
Along with them I will say
We should cultivate good habits along the way;
By doing the right things today
Becomes our habits without delay,
Though you might say nay
But the proof is along the way,
Be as it may, not as it will
Think, act with a resolute will
Be of good courage and good will
And go forth to do and fulfill;
Press onward evermore without fear
Thy errand while thou art here.

If ever we expect a happy eternity,
Thus our time of life is spent
Doing duty's work with our consent,
Thoughts of joy and content,
As the days go swiftly by
And the day is drawing nigh
When we'll go without a fear
To a happy home so dear,
If we cultivated, if we've cultivated.

Hope and joy you can prize
But you cannot just surmise
Else your mind should chance to fail
Ere you reach the holy gale;

Thus the will power should control
For old Satan's got your soul
If you have not cultivated the whole
Then remember after all we should cultivate.



Thoughts Of My Travels.

I've traveled thru part of this country,
Not all of those states were dry,
Thru Colorado and New Mexico I have journeyed,
Nebraska, Missouri, and also Illinois;
The sunflower is my emblem, for that's the emblem of my state
That flower has gone thru its fate.

From sunny Kansas I went to the Y. B. C.
Then to learn a business trade but you see
It was to my dear experience in the Y. B. C. Halls
For students know that the name is all.
Then to another commercial school I did go;
After one month in York's Zoo
Which to me seemed like two.

Quincy was the city and Illinois the state
Which has the best business college of any western place;
And in that very city of forty thousand souls,
There is a lonely college which I behold,
Where their facilities are of the right kind,
For any business mind that you may find;
By a river grand and long, tho its name is very long,
Which I took a trip thereon while the orchestra played its song.

While traveling on this grand tour
I met a fellow which I am sure
That he was from the wilds of Arkansas,
Who told me something about their law
And how they sucked it thru a straw;
Then how the misquitoses had to bite,
That's what happened over night
For just in the summer I go away
And leave the imps for I know they'll stay.

The muddiest river I ever crossed
Was the Missouri river at the St. Joe cross
And the fastest one of my state
Is the Kanza river on account of its rate;
Tho mountain streams I have seen
At a much faster pace than the Kansas could dream;
But that isn't it I'll tell you now
Its the ice in it that stops its prow.



The Pop Pop Bob-Sled.

There is a new sled,
Which about it I've read;
It will carry but four
Why should you want more?
And its name is the pop, pop bob-sled.

Its name is enough,
Altho it's made of stuff
That to you is no bluff;
One sled is your guide,
While on the others you slide.

The wheel never slips,
Because its got a sure grip;
For a mud chain is the trick
And that's a sure stick
When you ride on the pop, pop bob-sled.

For it's made from a type,
Much like an old bike;
Which has done some fast running when the ground wasn't white;
In fifteen minutes I heard them suggest,
You can detach all your bobs and you know the rest.

It will climb thru the snow
Where e'er you may go,
Not a horse or mule can beguile
While on it you smile;
But you will ever remember the pop, pop bob-sled.



College Days.

When ever you want something to learn,
Then to the Gem City Business College you must turn;
But not to inferior schools yearn
For time and money is as burned.

When you have gone thru colleges
And have some monotónous tunes;
Remember the actual comedies,
In days well spent to learn.

We will ever remember
Our G. C. B. C. days as gone by,
And no one can sever
Nor break the good tie.

I gaze on the building from out of doors,
And wonder how many are now on its floors;
They have selected the school of great fame,
When they get thru they'll be proud of its name.

Mid colleges and normals
Wherever you may be
There's no other college that summons
With the old G. C. B. C.

If ever over burdened with care,
Remember they can help you;
By the work they prepare
For you to work thru.

When you have done this,
You will know the wherefore;
And what you have missed
In days spent before.

Then you'll work so merrily,
Knowing how you can do
While your thoughts come happily
Of the good colleges so few.



A Celebration.

Our celebration of antiquation,
We enjoyed it by firing amunition;
Now I'll tell you of the situation,
Which is unknown from your contemplation.

'Twas late on the morn of July Fourth,
When Mr. Losure and I took our course,
Our pleasure was to look and see
On what they grew in Illinee.

Well under an old hickory tree,
We took our lunch there for you see
That it was not a Quincy tree
And ate our lunch in the shade of thee.

Our biscuits were one too much,
Then on the fence we placed the buck,
And shot the Quincy biscuit up
Out under the old tree-top.

Then on we journeyed in the country,
When Mr. L. spied a chip-muck-ee;
It bobbed around and up and down in twee
'Twas seen again and with a grin ter-e.

Now said we, "We'll all agree
That we have got our mark to see".
We missed the chip on shot number one,
But killed poor muck with the second one.

No more beneath that tree we'll sit,
Nor meet beneath that tree;
Our pleasure gone from there to me
Then on we journeyed to see and be.

We laid some stones on the railroad track,
Then walked ahead, then shot back,
To see them stones go flip flap
Which I knew he was the best at that.

Our thirst for water drove us on
To the city of Quincy o'er the lawns;
Stopped at a fountain outside of town,
As on our way we homeward bound.

Filled our cup of water clear,
And quenched our thirst so drear;
Better than a keg of beer,
Tho people are so very queer.



Thoughts Of Home.

Mid valleys and homesteads,
Wherever I have roamed
There's no other shanty
Like the one on my home.

Fairest of thy excellence,
Fairest of my thoughts,
On thee I have gazed
With many a forethought.

Tho comfort is a pleasure,
And home means a place
Where you can but treasure
And rest on its face.

Thy rocks which are barren
Are canyons of shale,
For in them are written,
Which coyotes do now hale.

Then to the old shanty,
Nearby the Castle creek,
Where there is a plenty
And the corn's in a heap

In the coop in the morning
The rooster then calls,
And the hens are a roosting
Tho the cock sees it all.

When day is a dawning, I seize my clothes,
And hurry out and do my chores,
Feed the horses, cows and hens,
Slop the pigs in the old pig pen.

With a team I stir the soil
Plant the seeds that grow the crop,
That's but one of my daily toils—
Another one is to gather it up.

Believe me, believe me,
Wherever you have roamed,
There is no other place
Where all thy wants are known.

Thus each U. S. citizen is a king,
If he has a place on which to cling;
Prosperity depends on the behalf
Of those that do things and those that do half.



A Schule Decher.

Vere it not for de fact I vould vouch for de truth of dis story.
In de regions of de vest dere came a schule decher from de est,
Whose name vos St. Clair Crone, to ipsdruet de little chilen of V.
Schul vich vos in Beaver valley.

His physical appearances vere peculiar. He vos exceedingly short
vith vone cork foot, de other foot vas like an elephant's paw, a
crooked long nose and eyes dat looked across his vomer so you
could not dell ven he be lookin' at you. In fact it vas said he look-
ed like Satin mitout dere claws—if dere be a Satin.

Ve often pause ven ve mention anydang apout a schule-keeper. For dere mental facilities are limited to an egg-basket of vorse. By dis beautiful valley dere vere many hills besides dere vere many houses in dis valley and in each farmyard a large barn could be seen. In de summer it vas such a grand scene to see de growing corn and de wheat fields vaving dere golden grain.

Most of de people who dwell in de valley are ve Germans or Hollanders. They are a very industrious people, who save a red cent and make money where a Yankee would starve.

Vell vone year as it happened, Mrs. Grun vos clerk, Mrs. Baxter vos treasurer, and Mr. Blunt vos director. Dey diaks ve do sun good bizness, so dey hire Crone to deach vone year de little urchins of dis valley. By and by de time arrived ven he vas to be dare and instill some good touts in se little fellows' minds.

Vell vone of de fellows near de board says to me, "Ve got de pest deacher in de gounty." Den he goes on and dell me why he dinks so but I laugh at him, den I says, "You'll find him out later on." Vell dose urchins vent to him de whole vinter and dey like him very much. So de board hire him for anoder year. Vone day de gounty superintendent vos visiting de schules around de neighborhood and he stopped in at dis schule. Ah, by cocoanuts, he told a lie to de superintendent and didn't vink vone bit. He mit grade dem in classes A, B, C, D, E, vich de gounty superintendent chanced to see in de program vich vos on de board vich he said de scholars wrote, put any vone vould know petter who had seen his hand script.

Vell he vos an old deacher and he had old vays of doing dangs. Ven he called de classes he first asked dem if dey had der lesson. Den he vould say with his ruler and tongue, "Kebang! Kebang! Kebang! come, come, come ahead."

Vell he has been noted for vone dang, its holding down de job for de money and keeping schule as he pleased.

De schule-house vos built on de hill in de early nineties by de architect—I forgot his name now, but it makes no difference vot it vos. Ve must remember ve are telling apout de schule deacheh.

Dis schule-house vos moved aty rods to de south down in a valley several years pefore he daught here. It vos now just pelow Kuse-cabages hog-pen.

Now dem beople vose near py vos going to keep everytang in apple-pie order apout de schule-house. Der daughters used it for to gourte der pest Germimies in, and de doors always had por loks for dat rezon.

Vell dis puiliding faced de east mit two doors in dat end vith holes in its front vich vere made py voodpeckers. In de inside dere vere apout ateen desks and sats. De master's desk vos very rickety, and a splintery old chair for a seat.

Dis Crone closes a very fine term of schule dis first year, dats what dose Blunt's tout and Vickman's. So de board dey hire dis Crone for fifty-five plunks per month for de next year to deach dis same schule. Pretty soon dey vake up from der von and a half year's slumber, which might have been caused py some pill dey took.

Den dere vos smoke blue mit about on de number of de days he taut.

Dis Crone vos handy as a broomstick at a dance and vould often go fourteen miles to shake himself on his cork foot vith the aid of de stick vich he always took and I vonder who vos his partner.

Vell de last day came, he tout, so he had a leetle program, put the board came in and woe, he had two more days to deach pefore dey vould pay him.

Der news vent up and down de valley like wildfire. Put his whole family vere up to de schule-house ven he vos going to close wid de wagon to get his bed and junk.

A schule just out of learning of such a melodious song, just heard it after der board hired dis Crone to deach dere schule. Den dey tired demselves in trying to rid demselves of him. Put dey failed and Crone vent ahead mit der job. Vell he has been in it for dese twenty years.

De pest quack is he who is a schule-deacher and can hold down de bizness mitout doing as mit vind out to dit.

De originator cannot be found in a toad or a frog for dere deachings are to say ker-chog. As time vent on dese officers lost dere job. De beople partly forgot old Crone until von who never forgets dangs stirs up de mush to see it jump around and hit whom it vill.

Oh, vould dey have left de schule-house on de hill. A difference then might have prevailed. Ven winter comes de volf is shunned and clubs are formed and hunt for um.

Vell dis Crone agreed to resign at de schule on de ridge to de goun-ty superintendent, put he didn't, so de next time he had to write and she vouldn't let him write on the X, put phoned de board to hire some von else. So dis put Crone out dis bizness.



Somebody's Parents.

When I was walking along one day,
I met a man aged and gray,
Who had lost his sight, so they say;
And his wife led him along the way.

This couple was bent by the weight of years,
In care and toil they had their tears,
For they were aged and very queer
Tho his wife led him without any fear.

This man a veteran of the Civil War,
In many a fray he has fought afar,
Away down in the southern land—
A land unsuited to a northern man.
And for the betterment of liberty and life,
While it ended the old slavery strife,
The Union was united, united with new hope,
May that question never croak.
Now they who want to can blow their horn,
Then cheer them along as its their winter morn;
They have but a short time to travel on,
Altho they're aged their heart is strong.

I judged this couple was three score ten
From what I heard and noticed of them,
If children they have they must have forgot,
That they should remember their ma and pop.



Down By the River.

The brooklet from a snowbank runs
To join its little neighbor,
While on its course of fun
It has a trifling wager
When down by the river.

We brooklets join and wander on,
To make the creek grow larger
They wind about and in and out,
They join a mighty river.
And to the sea a load they take
Of silt, sand and gravel down in the river.

One thought is a brooklet of our mind
Two thoughts a river kind,
More thoughts our greater self,
And many make us not an elf,
Though many cares we forsake,
When down by the river.

The stream of life is at the stake,
For by it a nation makes,
Their triumph and their glory.
A universal peace you could make,
If you do as the river.

Though some may fight
With all their might
But think not of the theory
To do as the rivers
For friendship should ne'er sever
When down by the river.



Honesty and Right.

Honesty and perseverance I do await,
Tho the American Continent I penetrate,
Deeds and actions of human beings
Whose lives are like the rain.

'Tis the treasures of this world
Man may handle or be hurled,
Count himself the earthly king
And the praises he may sing.

To be honest and be right
We should strive with all our might,
Pray to God for more light
Then do that which is "Honest and Right."



February's Weather of Nineteen Twelve.

In February drear,
In the nineteen twelve year,
The month I remember well,
'Twas stormy I'll tell.
Tho you know that's our pay,
For February's one extra day.
But February is past
With a glance of the last
You know it was of yore,
For storms then did soar,
And the clouds scattered snow,
When the north winds did blow.
Now then you'll remember
'Twas February on the tender
Then snow was its fender,
Four weeks and one day
Was all of its days
Of sunshine and cheer,

Nine days were clear,
But the others you know
Were not dark as a crow
Cause they were lightened with snow.
Twelve days were cloudy and cool,
As tho from a pool,
Of blusters and storms:
There were eight such days or morns.
Tho I am so happy,
The snowflakes are chaffy,
While February went fast
As I worked at my task
From the first to the last.



When False Thoughts Come.

Of all things good or bad
Now this is my theme,
Is just to be sad
After you have seen in a dream.

When the brain is not active,
You may then be dreaming,
And your mind is not passive
Which to you I am teeming.

Though projects may come,
But false are the sights
When your sleep makes you dumb,
Then quick make their flight.

Faintly you remember the acts,
Which is to you but a blunder
For you know of no facts
Because they are all like thunder,
And dreams are false thoughts is no wonder.



Life's Seasons.

In the spring of life
There is growth and strife,
But no cares are yet maintained
This is the time to develop the brain.

'Tis summer comes at the end of this
And brings bright hours and many a bliss,
The burdens of life seem light and easy
When life is bright but not yet wheezy.

Autumn dawns and hairs turn gray
'Tis life that is going fast her way,
"Happy hours and days have fled
Of our childhood," this I've said.

Winter approaches, days seem long,
Feeble our steps among the throng
Life is nearing the utmost end
Soon life's finished so Amen.



The Old Crank.

There's one whose called a crank,
It's not the one who lies so rank:
About those who do their duty,
Nor can it be the one of beauty.

This person must of daily thought,
The work to be done, if not be wrought,
By those who were quite looty,
For never knew they this booty.
A moment silent then all a buzz,
Which like the fowls, some tart the fuzz
And all a turmoil rolling,
To be stopped only by the Crank's coaling.

Some people him, "The Old Crank",
But in the future some will thank
That there was such a person,
Or otherwise they'd still been doz-ing.



My New Year's Thoughts.

How I vexed the busy bees
Then how swiftly I did flee,
To the house I swiftly sped
Thinking all the bees had said
That I should now take note
Ere my feelings or my hopes
Would be lost in one bad stroke
That I should mind my own business.
Tho the moments swift go by
Soon the sun is in the sky,
And the ages of the past
In a history you can grasp
When your childhood days have fled,
Then remember what was said
For the tricks you might have played
Thinking that they would aid.
Though the old year's going by
Though the season may be why
But I do not care a fly,
Why, because we do not sigh.
Now the new year's coming in,
From my heart I give a grin
And my thoughts are of the joy,
Of the times when I's a boy.
Oh, such times can never come
As I had while I was young;
O! the running of the hogs
In the morning in the fogs.
How I led them to their feed,
Then my legs sure had to speed
In the valleys full of dew
Where the richest weeds grew.



Irish Joe.

Come all you listeners if you want to know
A tale about an Irish Joe.
Joe McFarland out from Penn-woods
He worked in Kansas which I understood.
Just as we came in the sitting room
He jumped out the window as if hit by a broom.
Joe was an Irishman who was called Pat
Who left Kansas before you could say "Scat".
Irish Joe out for a time
Before he left the Kansas line.
'Tis he who was out for a drive
And the girls of a hotel he did shine.
Joe McFarland pulled off a stunt
When at Mr. C's he made the jump.
Irish Joe is out for a time
And hasn't went back to Pennsylvania lines.







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